

DAREDEVIL

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™



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DAREDEVIL®

AND THE

BLACK WIDOW

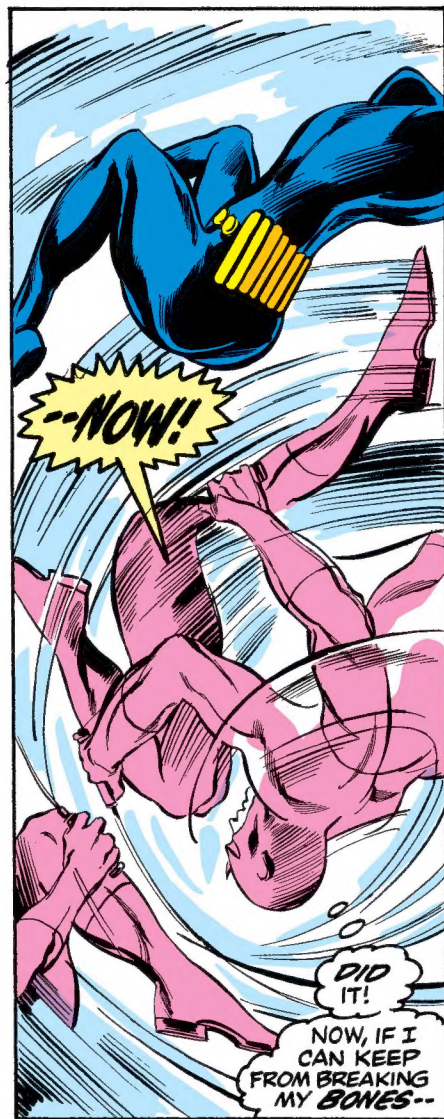
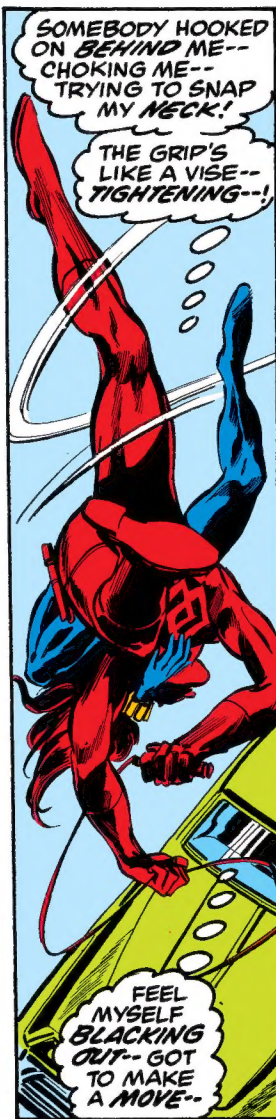


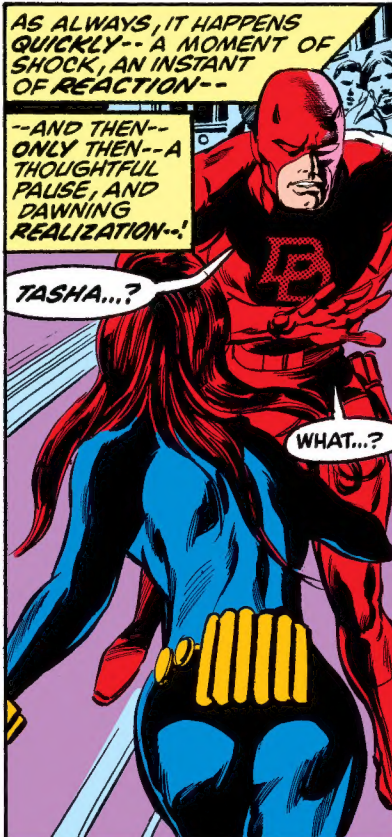
DON'T LOOK NOW, DD--BUT THAT "WOULD-BE KILLER" IS ALSO KNOWN AS--

THE INDESTRUCTIBLE MAN!

DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™







AS ALWAYS, IT HAPPENS QUICKLY-- A MOMENT OF SHOCK, AN INSTANT OF REACTION--

--AND THEN-- ONLY THEN-- A THOUGHTFUL PAUSE, AND DAWNING REALIZATION--!

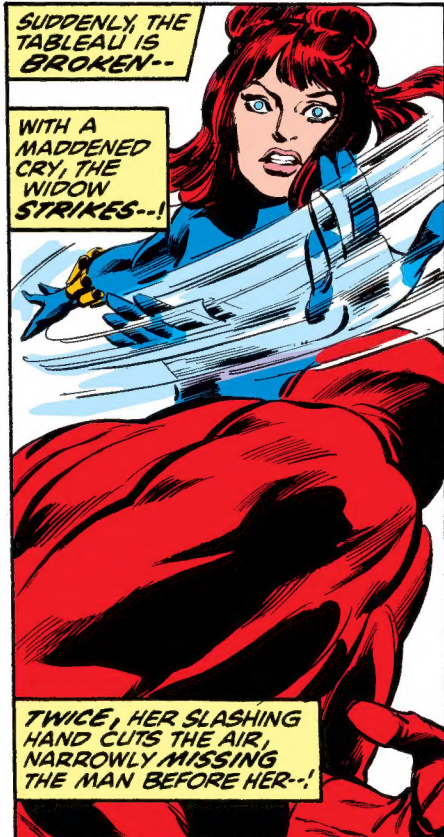
TASHA...?

WHAT...?



THERE'S NO ANSWER, IN THE SILENCE THAT FOLLOWS, THE MAN KNOWN AS DAREDEVIL GROWS UNNATURALLY GRIM--

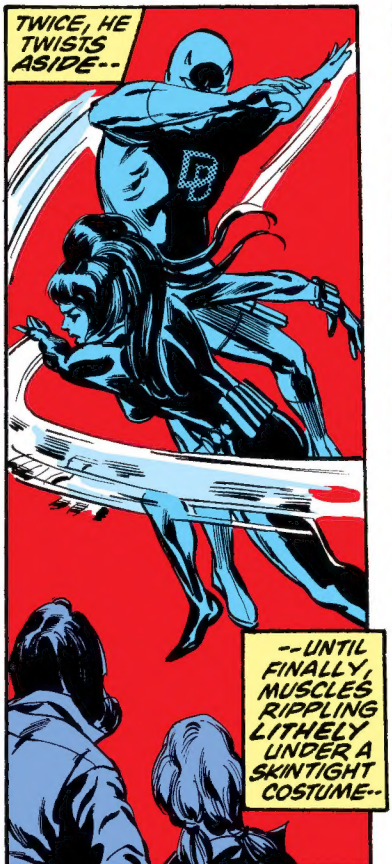
HIS JAW FIRMS-- AND IF HIS SIGHTLESS EYES COULD BE SEEN, AN OBSERVER WOULD FIND THEM COLD-- AND HARD--!



SUDDENLY, THE TABLEAU IS BROKEN--

WITH A MADDENED CRY, THE WIDOW STRIKES--!

TWICE, HER SLASHING HAND CUTS THE AIR, NARROWLY MISSING THE MAN BEFORE HER--!



TWICE, HE TWISTS ASIDE--

--UNTIL, FINALLY, MUSCLES RIPPLING LITHELY UNDER A SKINTIGHT COSTUME--



--HE MOVES--

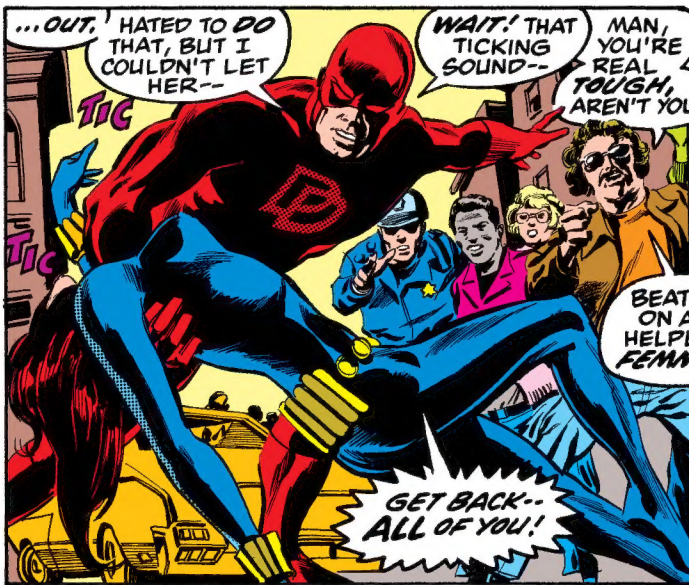
--HESITATING ONCE TO CHECK FEMININE FEATURES, ASSURING HIMSELF COMPLETELY OF HIS ATTACKER'S IDENTITY--



--AND THEN HESITATING-- NO MORE!

SORRY, NATASHA... LATER, WE'LL HAVE A LONG TALK...

...BUT FOR NOW...



...OUT, I HATED TO DO THAT, BUT I COULDN'T LET HER--

WAIT! THAT TICKING SOUND--

MAN, YOU'RE REAL TOUGH, AREN'T YOU?

BEATIN' ON A HELPLESS FEMME--!

GET BACK-- ALL OF YOU!

SOBERED BY SOMETHING IN THE MASKED MAN'S VOICE, THE CROWD FALLS BACK--

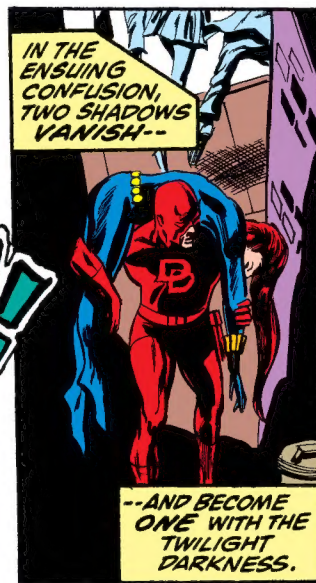
TIC TIC

--STARING IN CONFUSED WONDER AS GLOVED FINGERS UNSNAP A SEEMINGLY INNOCENT BELT ORNAMENT--



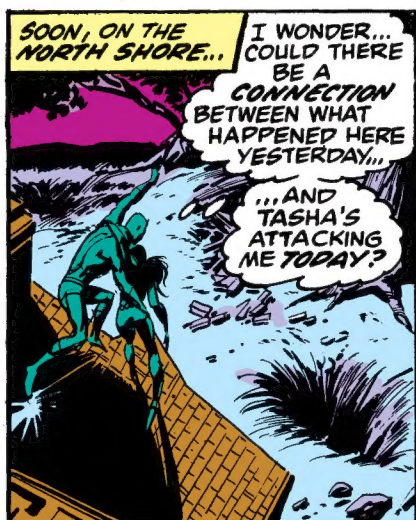
--AND WITH ONE TREMENDOUS HEAVE--

--HURL THAT ORNAMENT HIGH INTO THE DUSK-DARKENED SKY!



IN THE ENSUING CONFUSION, TWO SHADOWS VANISH--

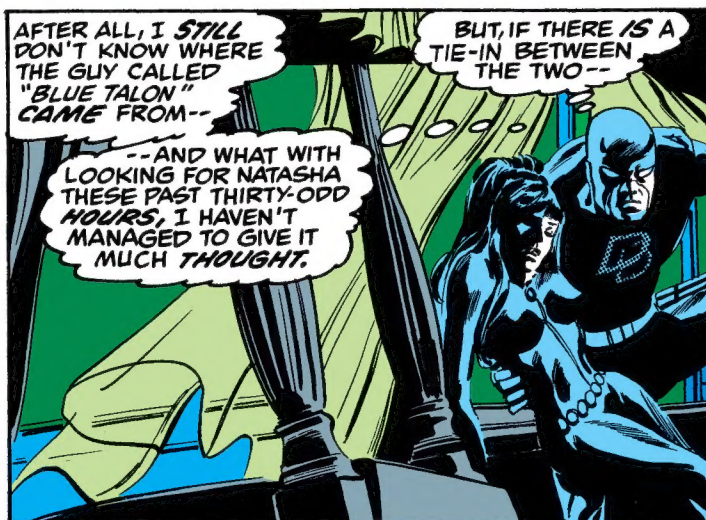
--AND BECOME ONE WITH THE TWILIGHT DARKNESS.



SOON, ON THE NORTH SHORE...

I WONDER... COULD THERE BE A CONNECTION BETWEEN WHAT HAPPENED HERE YESTERDAY...

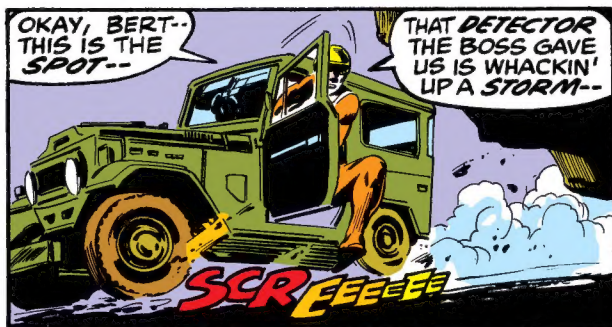
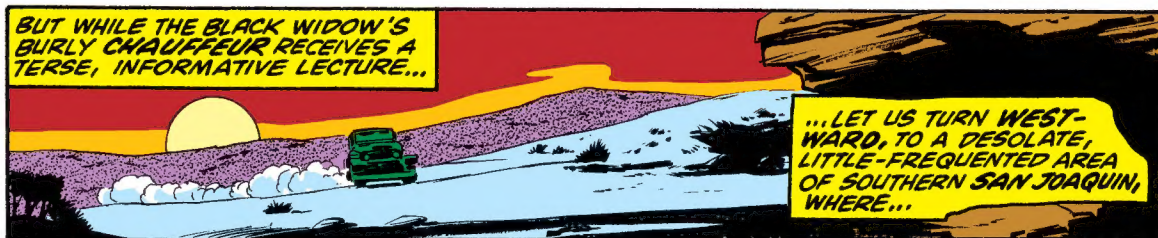
...AND TASHA'S ATTACKING ME TODAY?

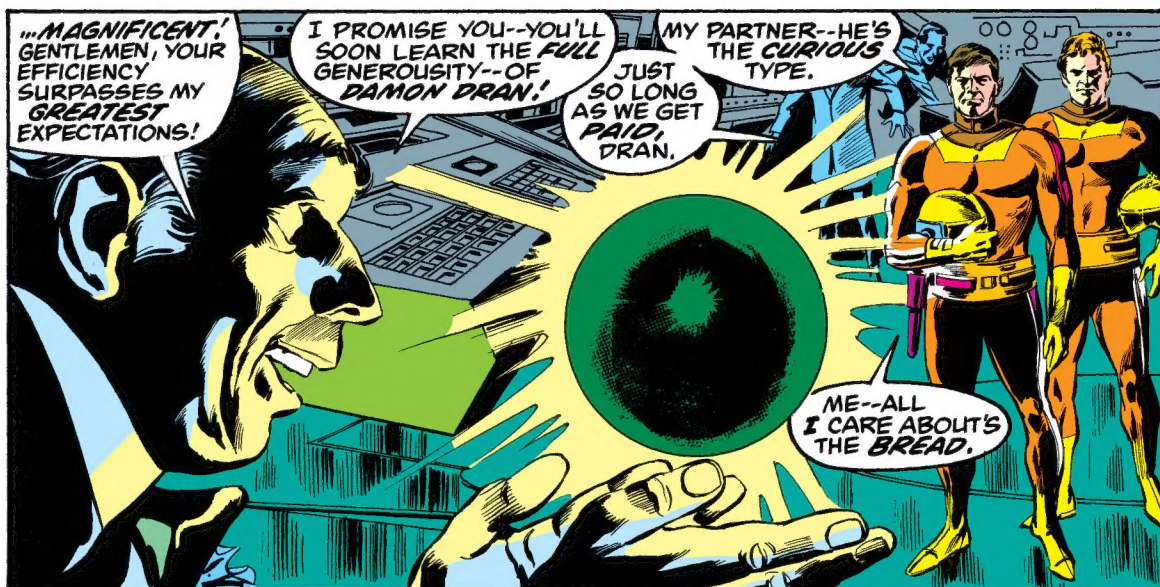


AFTER ALL, I STILL DON'T KNOW WHERE THE GUY CALLED "BLUE TALON" CAME FROM--

--AND WHAT WITH LOOKING FOR NATASHA THESE PAST THIRTY-ODD HOURS, I HAVEN'T MANAGED TO GIVE IT MUCH THOUGHT.

BUT, IF THERE IS A TIE-IN BETWEEN THE TWO--





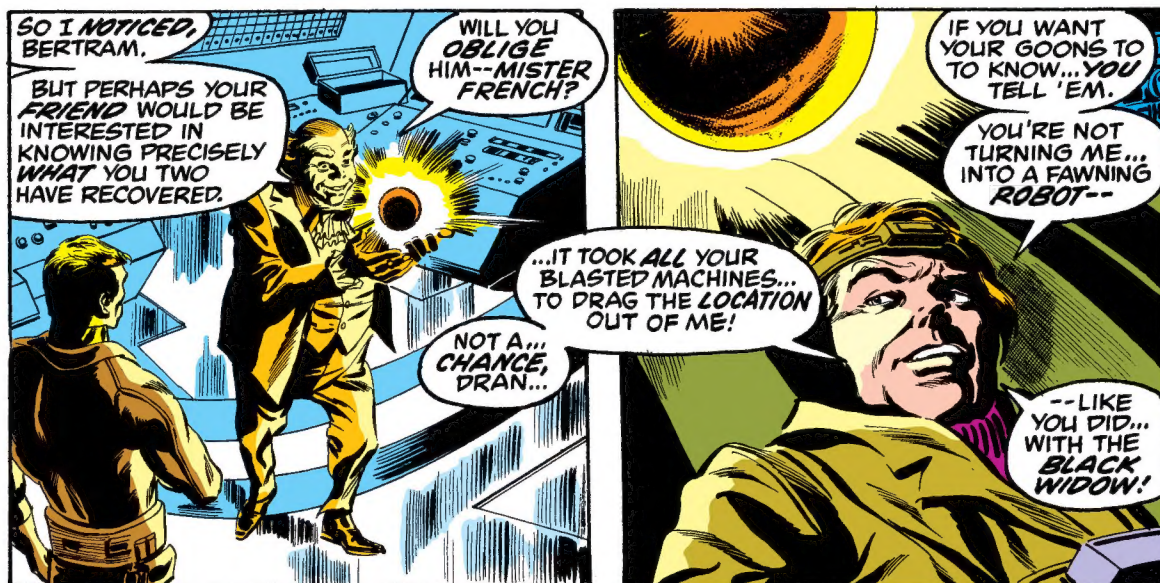
"...MAGNIFICENT! GENTLEMEN, YOUR EFFICIENCY SURPASSES MY GREATEST EXPECTATIONS!"

I PROMISE YOU--YOU'LL SOON LEARN THE FULL GENEROSITY--OF DAMON DRAN!

MY PARTNER--HE'S THE CURIOUS TYPE.

JUST SO LONG AS WE GET PAID, DRAN.

ME--ALL I CARE ABOUT'S THE BREAD.



SO I NOTICED, BERTRAM.

BUT PERHAPS YOUR FRIEND WOULD BE INTERESTED IN KNOWING PRECISELY WHAT YOU TWO HAVE RECOVERED.

WILL YOU OBLIGE HIM--MISTER FRENCH?

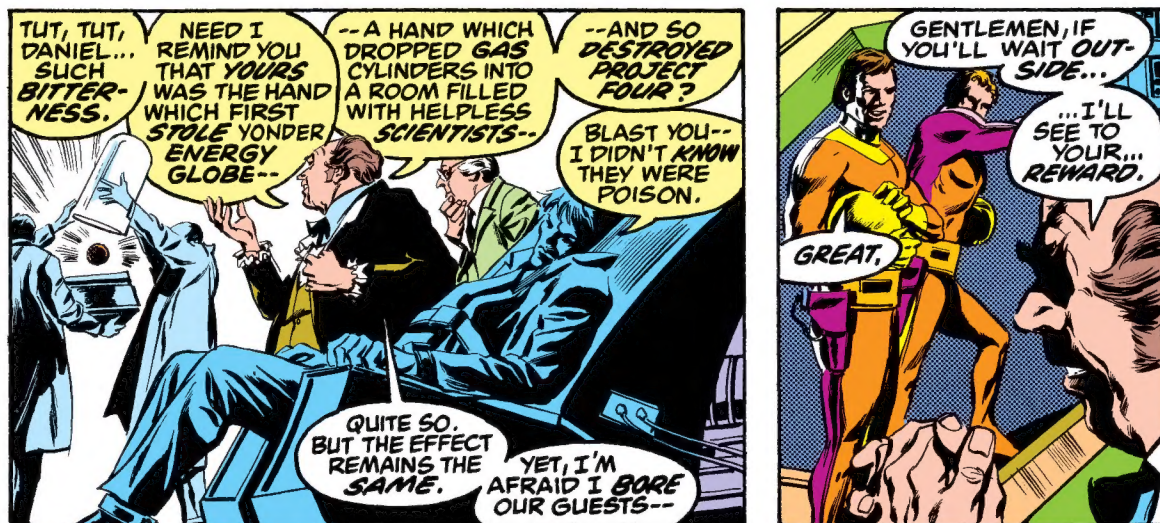
IF YOU WANT YOUR GOONS TO KNOW... YOU TELL 'EM.

YOU'RE NOT TURNING ME... INTO A FAWNING ROBOT--

...IT TOOK ALL YOUR BLASTED MACHINES... TO DRAG THE LOCATION OUT OF ME!

NOT A... CHANCE, DRAN...

--LIKE YOU DID... WITH THE BLACK WIDOW!



TUT, TUT, DANIEL... SUCH BITTERNESS.

NEED I REMIND YOU THAT YOURS WAS THE HAND WHICH FIRST STOLE YONDER ENERGY GLOBE--

-- A HAND WHICH DROPPED GAS CYLINDERS INTO A ROOM FILLED WITH HELPLESS SCIENTISTS--

--AND SO DESTROYED PROJECT FOUR?

BLAST YOU-- I DIDN'T KNOW THEY WERE POISON.

QUITE SO. BUT THE EFFECT REMAINS THE SAME.

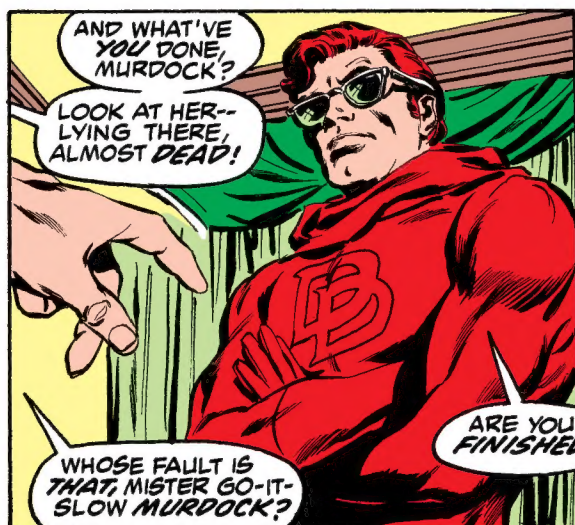
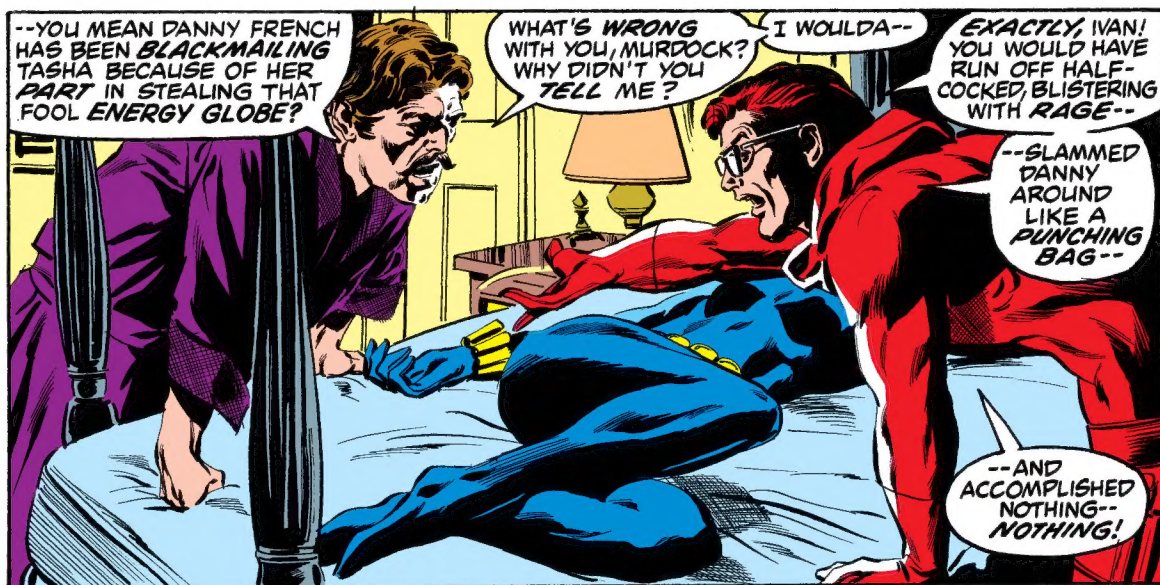
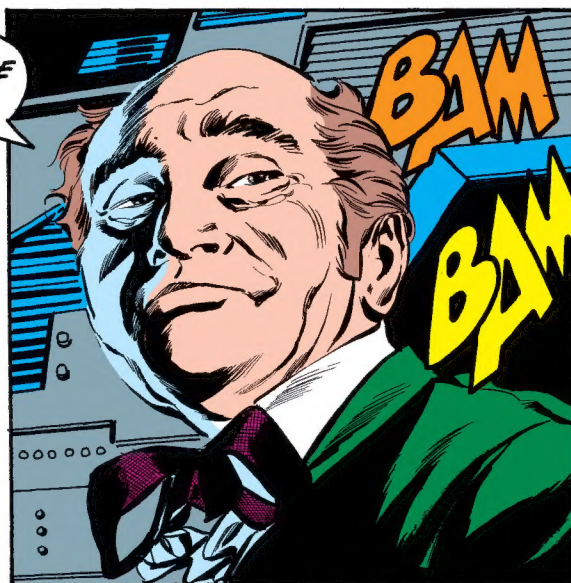
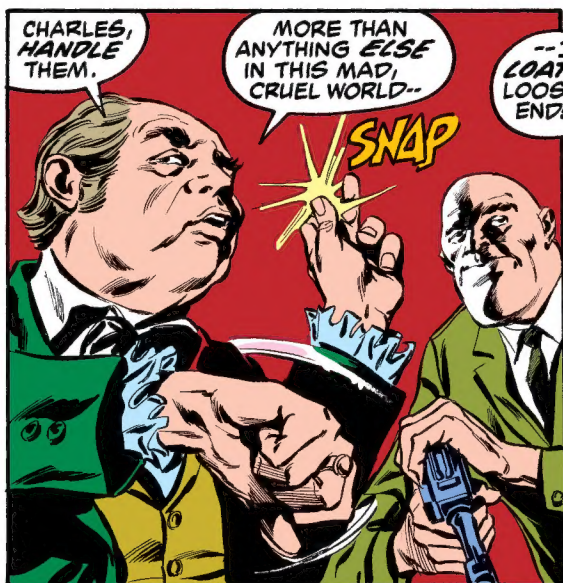
YET, I'M AFRAID I BORE OUR GUESTS--



GENTLEMEN, IF YOU'LL WAIT OUTSIDE...

...I'LL SEE TO YOUR... REWARD.

GREAT.





AT THE SOUND OF THE SLAMMING DOOR, AND THE SUBSEQUENT ECHO OF RE-CEDEING FOOTSTEPS, MATT MURDOCK WINCES--AND ALMOST, HE LEANS FORWARD, WAVERING--

BUT NO; PRIDE TAKES PRECEDENCE OVER FRIENDSHIP, AND--

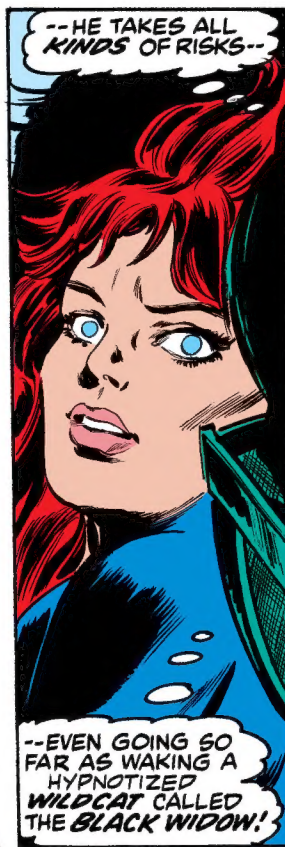
WHOEVER PUT THAT BOMB IN TASHA'S BELT PACK WANTED US BOTH DEAD--

--WHICH MEANS I'M A THREAT TO SOMEONE'S PLANS.



AND EVEN THOUGH THAT'S FLATTERING, IN AN UNNERVING SORT OF WAY--

--IT MAKES ME HIGHLY CURIOUS! AND WHEN MATTHEW'S CURIOUS--



--HE TAKES ALL KINDS OF RISKS--

--EVEN GOING SO FAR AS WAKING A HYPNOTIZED WILDCAT CALLED THE BLACK WIDOW!



NATASHA, I--
UNNNHH!

YOU--
MUST--
DIE!

THE
MASTER--
COMMANDS
IT!



SO NOW YOU'RE TALKING, EH, LADY?

THAK!

YOU KNOW-- I ALMOST LIKED IT BETTER WHEN YOU WERE PLAYING DUMB-- AT LEAST THEN I COULD PRETEND--



--I COULD ALMOST FOOL MYSELF YOU WEREN'T THE WOMAN I LOVED--

--BUT NOT NOW--

--WHICH MAKES WHAT I'VE GOT TO DO VERY DIFFICULT--

--BUT FORTUNATELY FOR US BOTH-- NOT QUITE IMPOSSIBLE!

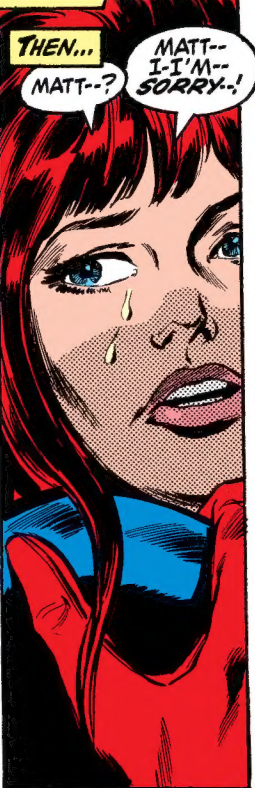
BAK!

STUNNED, THE WIDOW SEEMS TO SHIVER--HER EYES FLICKER AND FOCUS, AND SOMETHING ADJUSTS IN THE COLOR OF IRIS--



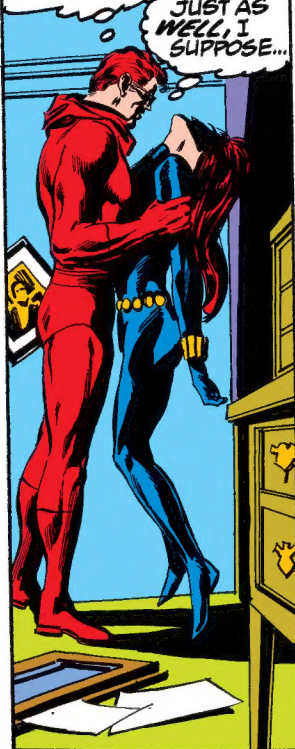
THEN... MATT--?

MATT-- I-I'M-- SORRY--!



SHE PASSED OUT... PROBABLY FROM THE SHOCK OF MY BREAKING THAT TRANCE.

IT'S JUST AS WELL, I SUPPOSE...

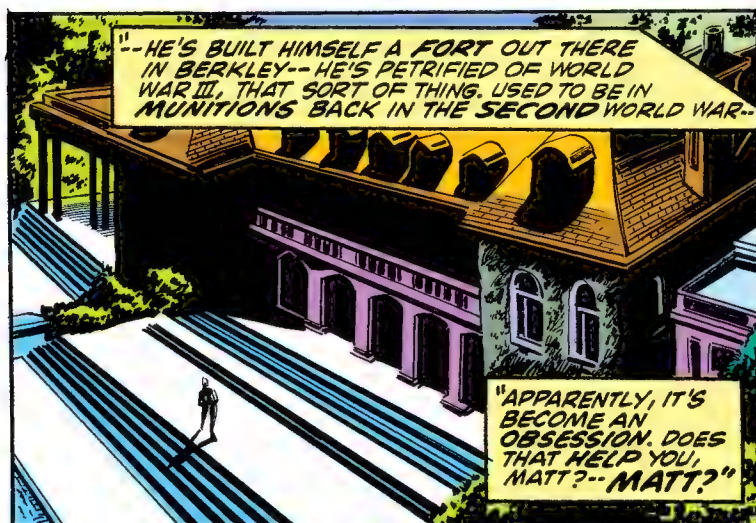
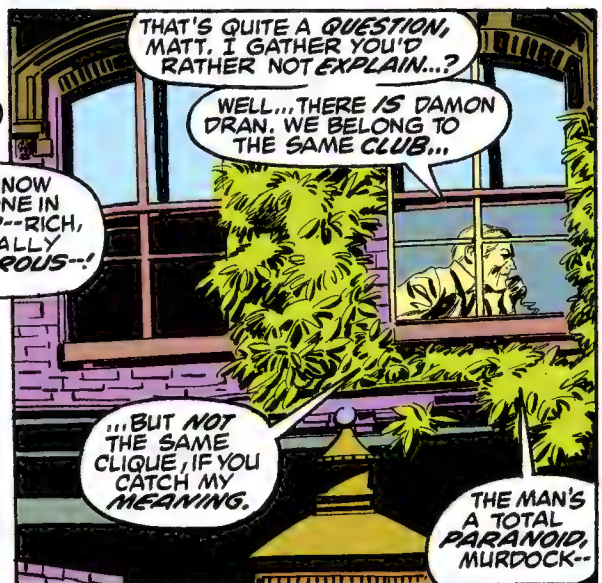
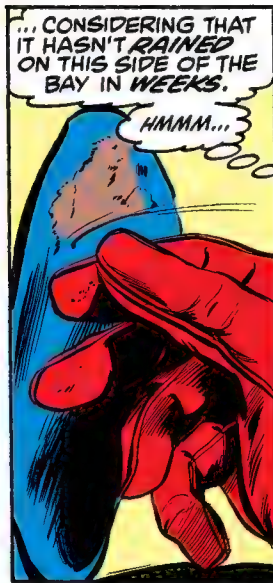
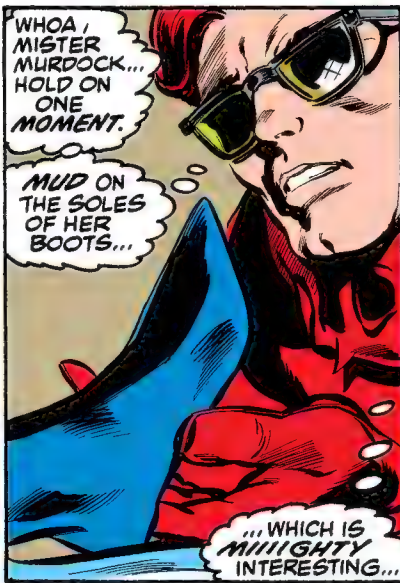


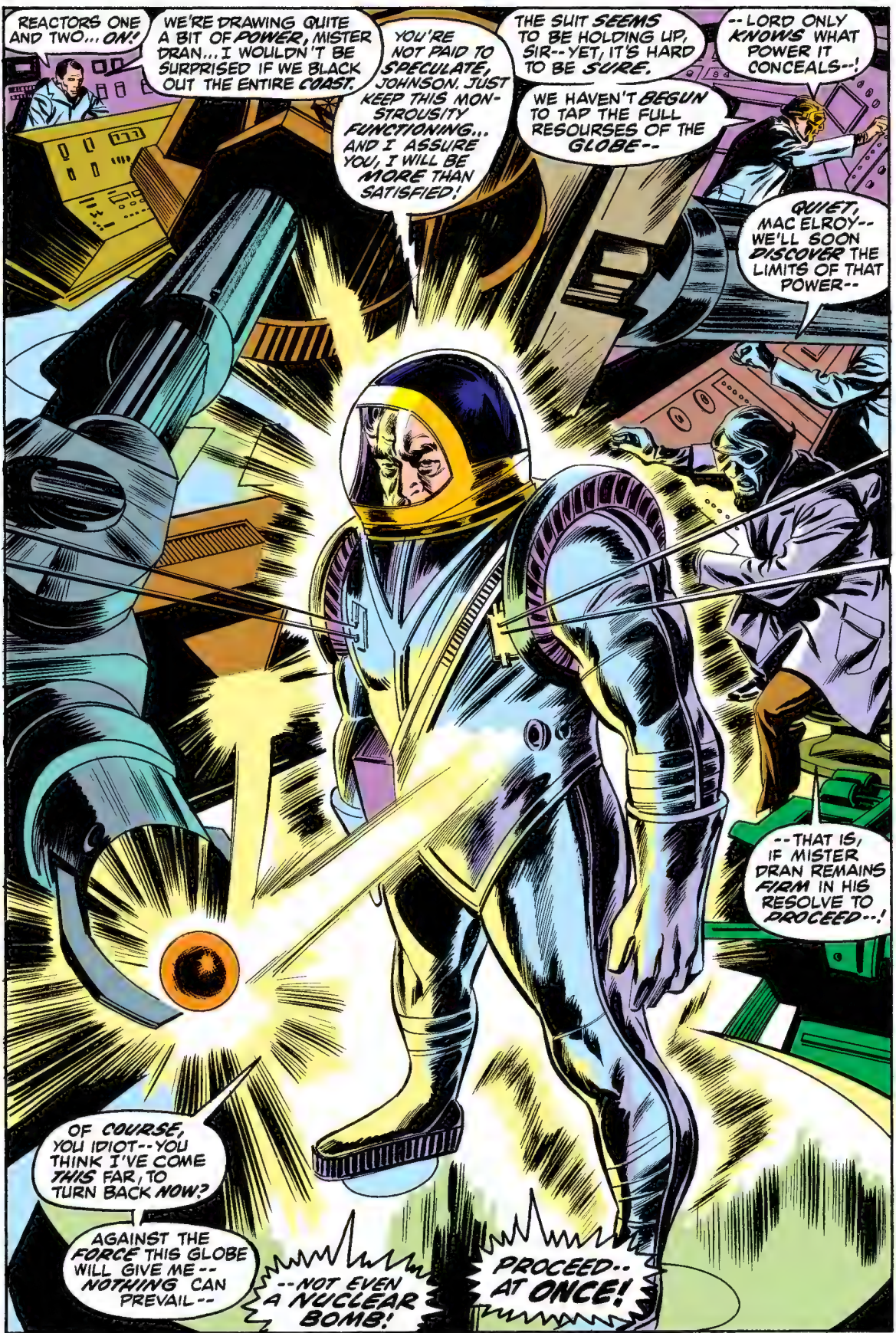
MAYBE AFTER SHE'S RESTED, SHE'LL FEEL UP TO TALKING.

IT CAN WAIT...

...I HOPE.







REACTORS ONE AND TWO... *ON!*

WE'RE DRAWING QUITE A BIT OF POWER, MISTER DRAN... I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF WE BLACK OUT THE ENTIRE COAST.

YOU'RE NOT PAID TO SPECULATE, JOHNSON. JUST KEEP THIS MONSTROSITY FUNCTIONING... AND I ASSURE YOU, I WILL BE MORE THAN SATISFIED!

THE SUIT *SEEMS* TO BE HOLDING UP, SIR-- YET, IT'S HARD TO BE *SURE*.

-- LORD ONLY *KNOWS* WHAT POWER IT CONCEALS--!

WE HAVEN'T *BEGUN* TO TAP THE FULL RESOURCES OF THE *GLOBE*--

QUIET, MAC ELROY-- WE'LL SOON *DISCOVER* THE LIMITS OF THAT POWER--

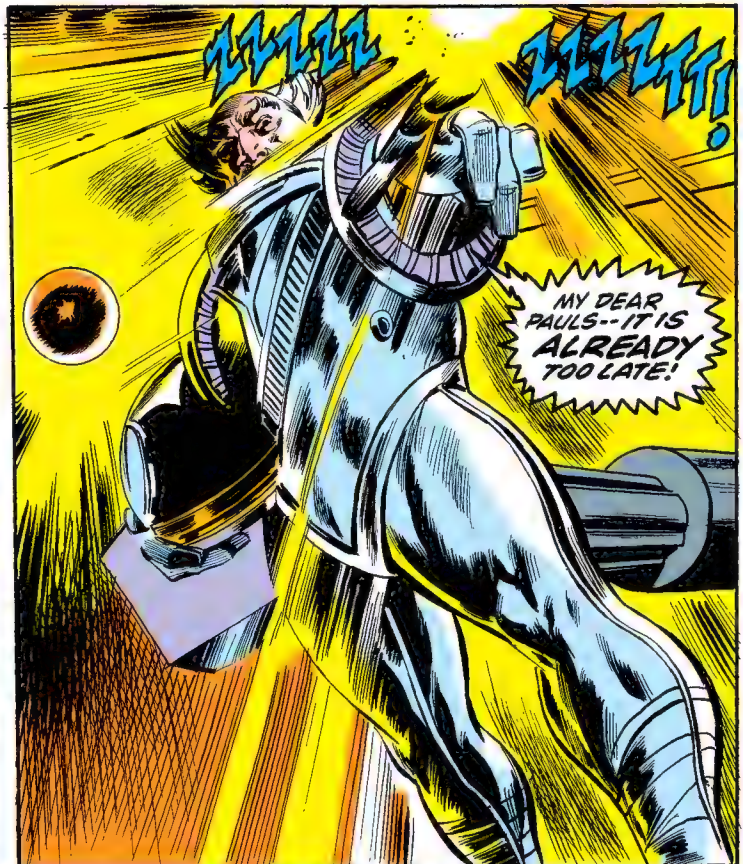
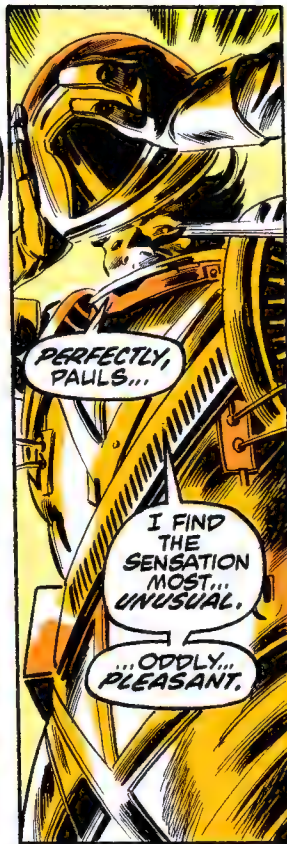
-- THAT IS, IF MISTER DRAN REMAINS *FIRM* IN HIS RESOLVE TO *PROCEED*--!

OF *COURSE*, YOU IDIOT-- YOU THINK I'VE COME *THIS FAR*, TO TURN BACK *NOW*?

AGAINST THE *FORCE* THIS *GLOBE* WILL GIVE ME -- *NOTHING* CAN PREVAIL --

-- NOT EVEN A *NUCLEAR BOMB*!

PROCEED-- AT *ONCE*!



AND BEFORE THE MAN CALLED PAULS CAN REGISTER MORE THAN SHOCK--AND BRUTAL, AGONIZED SURPRISE--AN AZURE BEAM LANCES FROM THE GLOVED FOREFINGER OF DAMON DRAN--

--A BEAM WHICH GLOWS OF THE SAME UNEARTHLY LIGHT AS THE MYSTERIOUS ENERGY GLOBE--



--AND PRODUCES RESULTS UNEXPECTED, HORRIFYING --AND DEVASTATING!

ONE SPLIT SECOND; TWO-- AND IT'S OVER--



--WITHOUT EVEN THE RELEASE-- OF A SCREAM!



POOR PAULS-- SUCH A DISAPPOINTMENT.

MY RESEARCHS HAVE BEEN COMPLETE-- AND THIS RESULT WAS PRECISELY FOREORDAINED--

SURELY HE DIDN'T BELIEVE I'D INITIATE AN ENTERPRISE OF THIS MAGNITUDE WITHOUT THE PROPER KNOWLEDGE--?

FOR I--AND I ALONE--KNOW THE SECRET OF PROJECT FOUR!

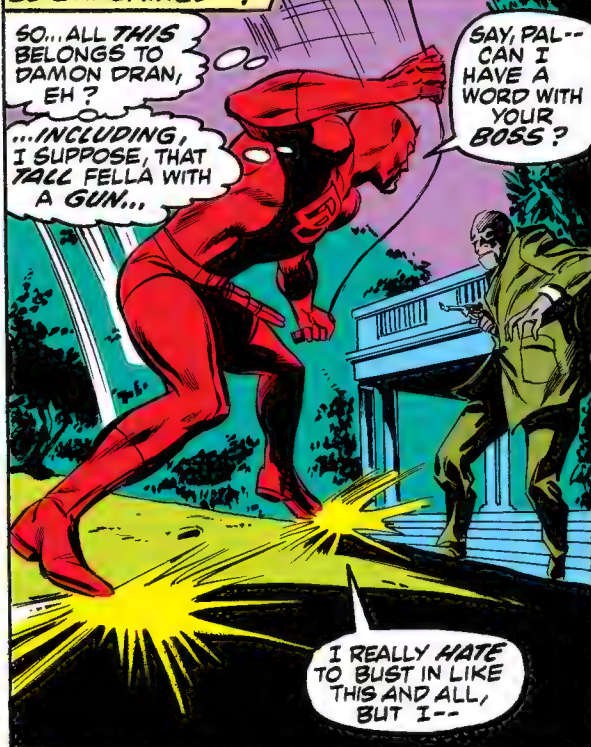


EVENTS MOVE QUICKLY, NOW--AND IF A CERTAIN CONFUSION FOLLOWS ON THE HEELS OF SUCH STARTLING REVELATIONS, PLEASE BEAR WITH US! WE PROMISE, IT'S ALL GONNA BE EXPLAINED--!

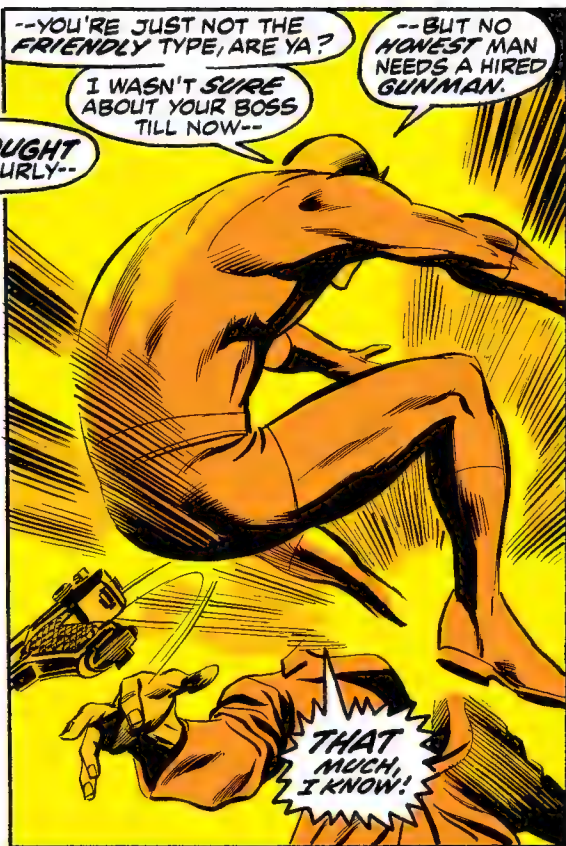
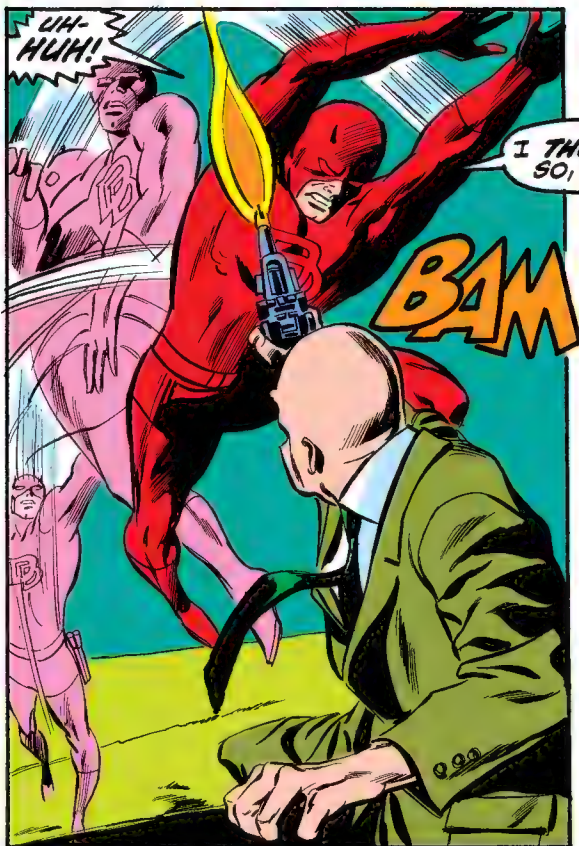
SO... ALL THIS BELONGS TO DAMON DRAN, EH?

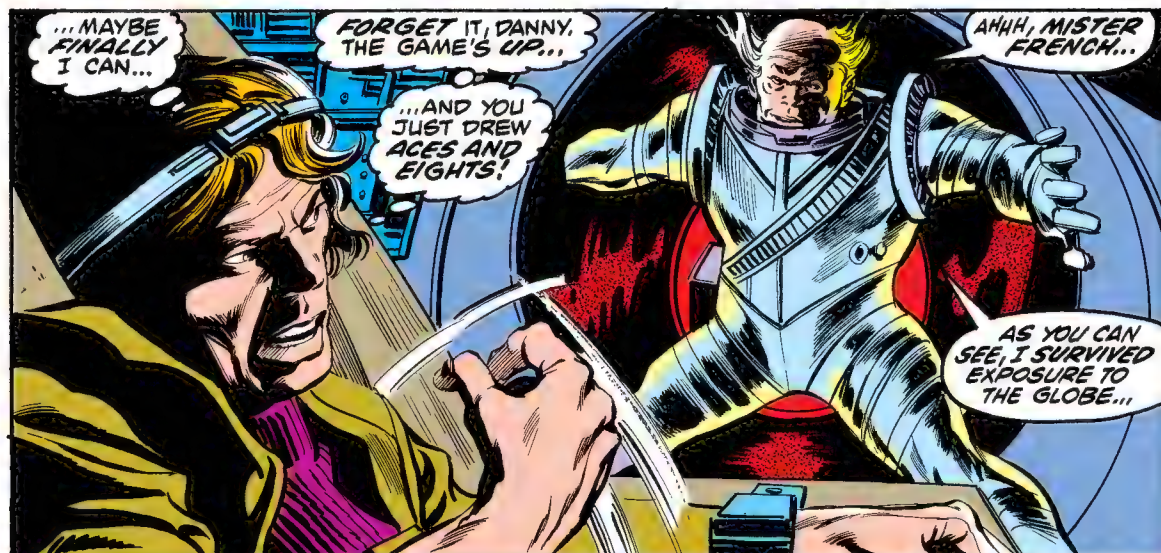
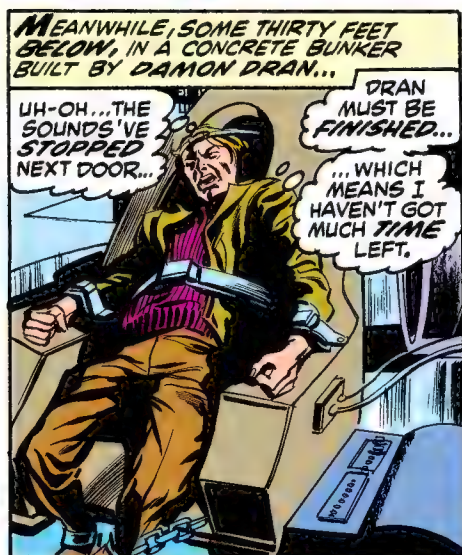
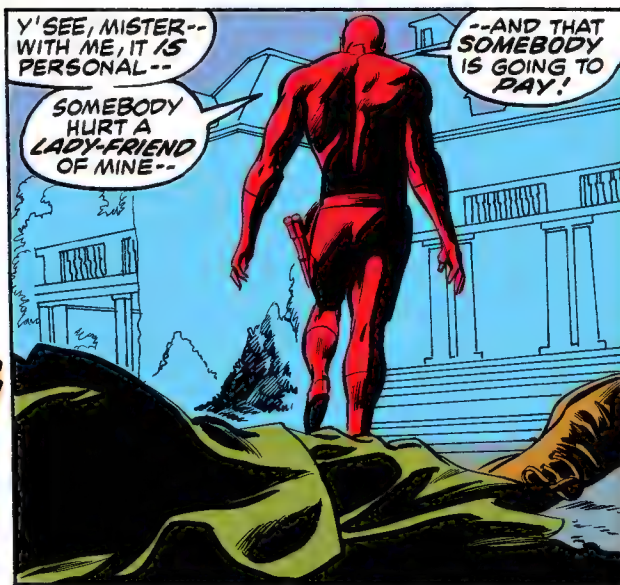
...INCLUDING, I SUPPOSE, THAT TALL FELLA WITH A GUN...

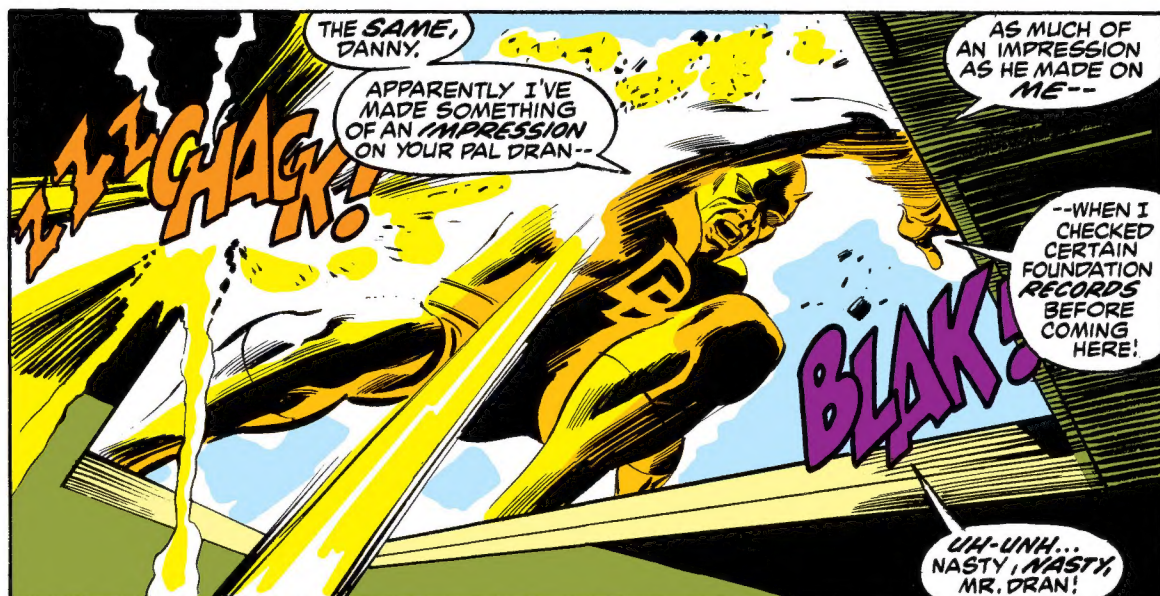
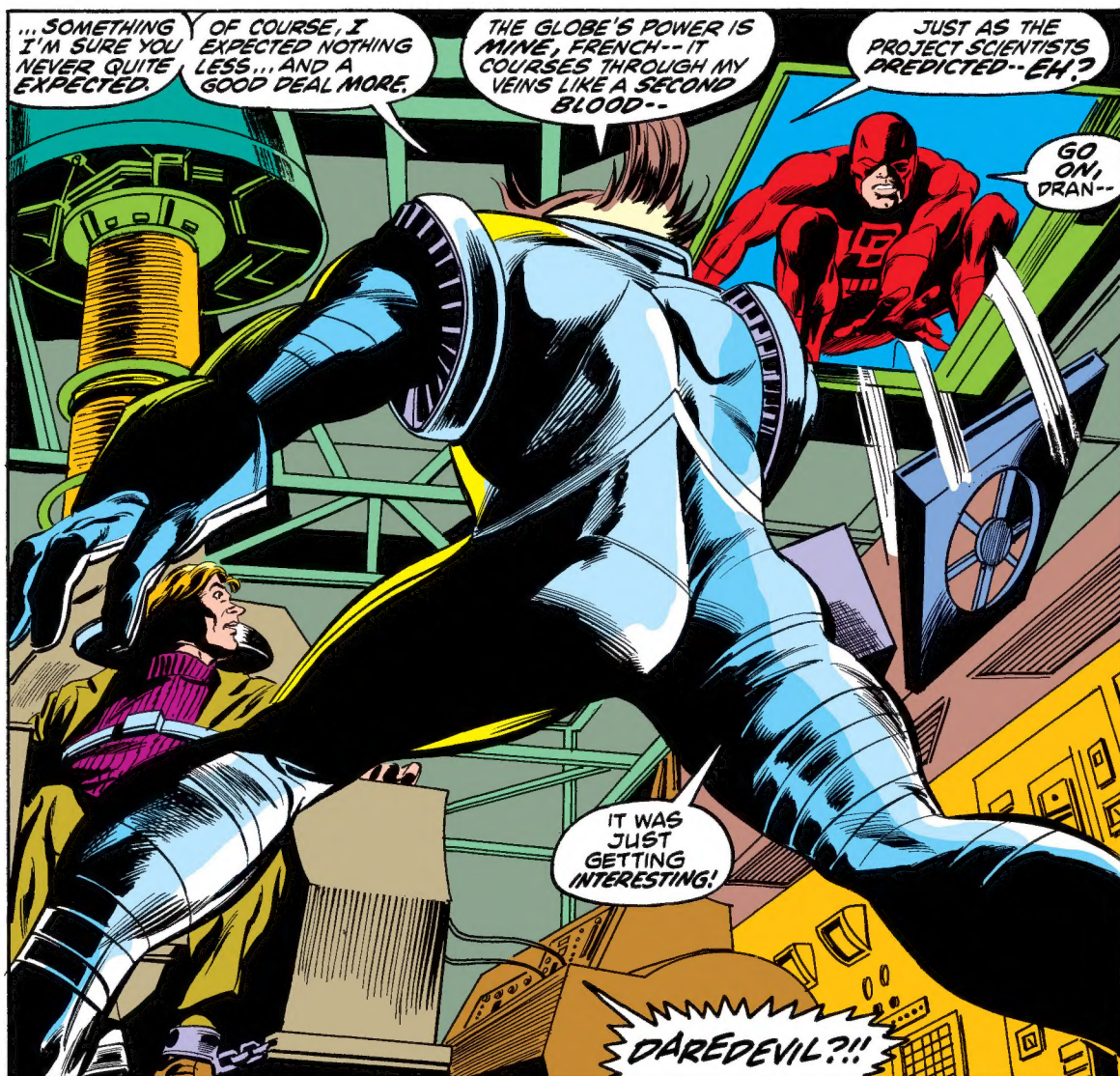
SAY, PAL-- CAN I HAVE A WORD WITH YOUR BOSS?



I REALLY HATE TO BUST IN LIKE THIS AND ALL, BUT I--





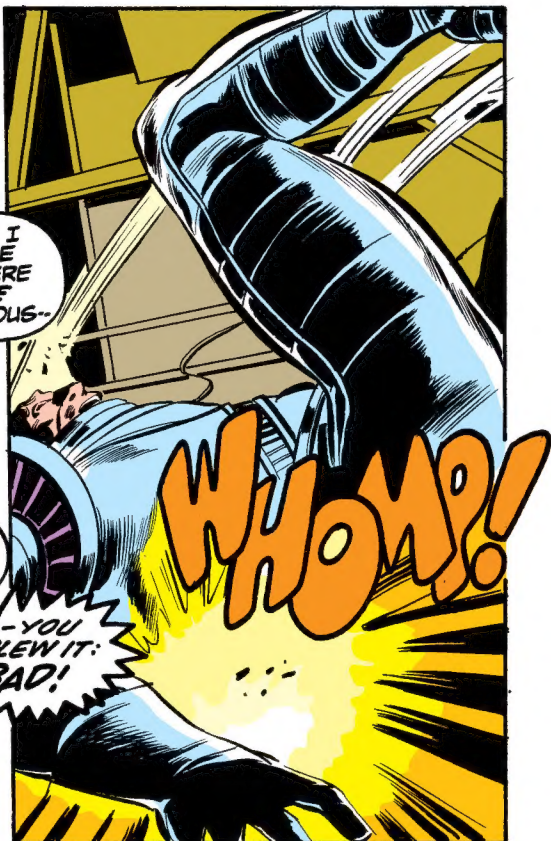




FACE IT, DRAN--
WHATEVER
YOUR PLANS
WERE--

--AND I
IMAGINE
THEY WERE
QUITE
INGENIOUS--

--WHEN YOU
MESSED WITH
A LADY NAMED
NATASHA--



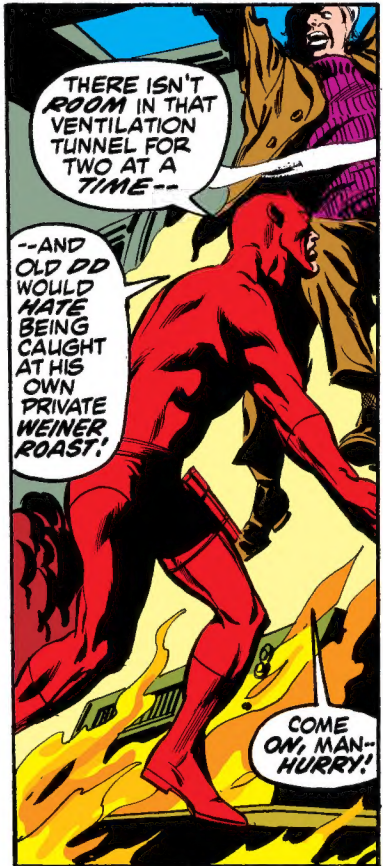
--YOU
BLEW IT:
BAD!

THE MAN CALLED DAMON DRAN DOESN'T ANSWER--INSTEAD,
HIS GLOVED FINGERS SCRAMBLE AT A DETACHED WIRE LIKE
A DIVER AT A MISPLACED AIR HOSE--



--AND AS HIS MOVEMENTS
BECOME MORE FRANTIC,
AND THE FIRE FROM THE
DEMOLISHED MACHINERY
BURNS MORE HOTLY--

MOVE,
DANNY--



THERE ISN'T
ROOM IN THAT
VENTILATION
TUNNEL FOR
TWO AT A
TIME--

--AND
OLD DD
WOULD
HATE
BEING
CAUGHT
AT HIS
OWN
PRIVATE
WEINER
ROAST!

COME
ON, MAN--
HURRY!

